



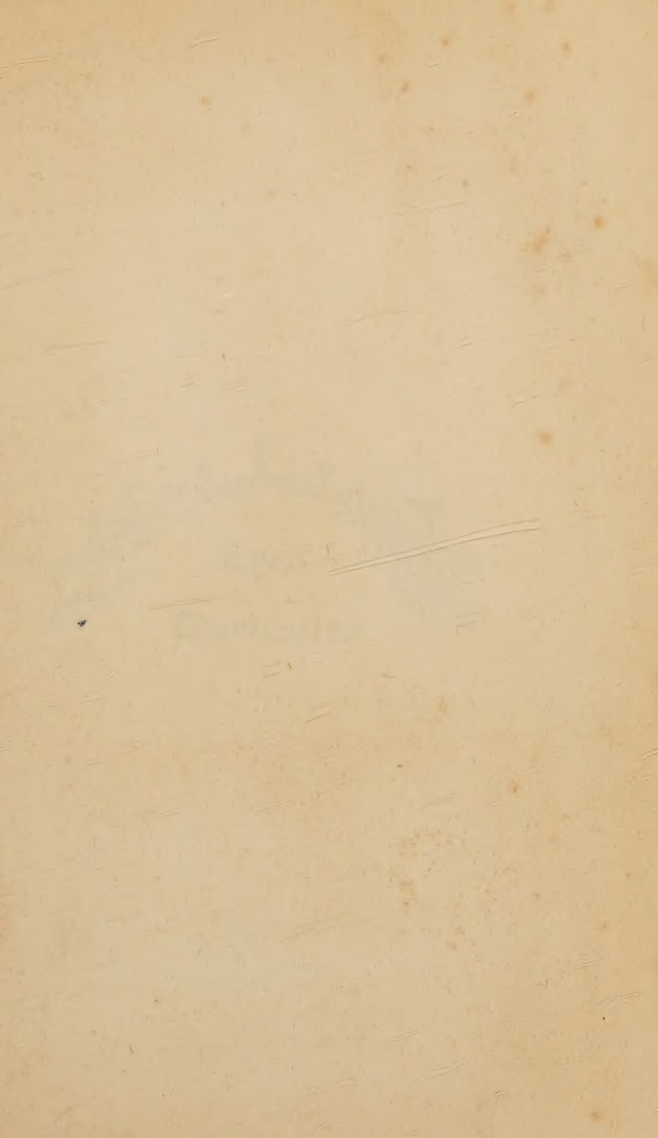
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Lyra
Domestica

LONDON

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Ph. Spitta

Lyra Domestica:

CHRISTIAN SONGS FOR DOMESTIC EDIFICATION.

Translated from the
“Psaltery and Harp” of C. J. P. Spitt.
By Richard Massie.



SECOND EDITION.

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1998
TO

HIS GRACE,
JOHN BIRD SUMNER,
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THESE HYMNS ARE INSCRIBED

WITH THE DEEPEST FEELINGS OF RESPECT AND VENERATION,

AND WITH A GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION OF

HIS GRACE'S CONNECTION WITH THE DIOCESE OF CHESTER,

BY HIS GRACE'S FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE TRANSLATOR.



PREFACE.

I REMEMBER to have been much struck, some years ago, with a remark of James Montgomery, in the preface to the *Christian Psalmist*: “If he who pens these sentiments,” says that truly Christian poet, “knows his own heart, though it has deceived him too often to be trusted without jealousy, he would rather be the anonymous author of a few hymns, which should thus become an imperishable inheritance to the people of God, than bequeath another epic poem to the world, which should rank his name with Homer, Virgil, and our greater Milton.”

It might seem presumptuous in a mere translator to appropriate to himself the sentiments of this original and highly gifted author, to

whom we are indebted for some of the most beautiful hymns in the English language, but I can nevertheless say with truth, that by a somewhat similar feeling I was first induced to undertake the translation which I now offer to the Public. No doubt hymns of greater power and beauty might have been selected from the writings of some of the earlier German hymnologists, and especially from those of that sweet singer of Lutheran Germany, Paul Gerhardt; but yet I think it may be doubted, whether any of them would have been so suited to the modern tone of thought as those of Spitta, and so well calculated to promote the object for which they were avowedly written—the edification of the domestic circle. Indeed Miss Winkworth has already culled the choicest flowers from the earlier writers, and transplanted them with so much skill and success into our English soil, that it would be but a discouraging task to follow in her track.

Small as is this collection, it embraces a great variety of subjects, and a cursory glance at the Index will at once show how many important phases of Christian experience are delineated. To quote the words of a friendly critic: “There is hardly a branch of Christian doctrine and morality which they do not touch

upon, and on every point they come direct to the reason, feelings, and imagination."

The versification is remarkably smooth and rhythmical, and the meaning clear and perspicuous. But what particularly distinguishes these hymns is the genuine piety and truly Christian and Catholic feeling which pervades them. Love of Christ and His word is the golden thread which runs through the whole. Is it too much to hope, that, by the Divine blessing, some spark at least of the heavenly feeling which animated the author may be imparted, through the means of this translation, to the heart of the English reader? My labour will not then have been in vain, — if that indeed can be called a labour, which has been the delightful recreation and sweetest solace of my leisure hours.

Addison remarks, in one of the papers of the *Spectator*, that "a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married, or a bachelor, with other particulars of a like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." There is much truth in this remark, and I should have been glad if it had been in my power to gratify this natural curiosity by communicating any interesting anecdote.

dotes or information respecting the author. All, however, I have yet been able to learn, has been derived from a notice in the *Conversations-Lexicon*, and consists chiefly of a meagre sketch of the leading incidents in Spitta's life, which will, I fear, prove scarcely more interesting to the English reader than the fireside adventures of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or his migrations from the blue room to the brown. There is, however, a portrait at the beginning of the book, engraved from a photograph, which will convey to the reader some idea of the author's external lineaments, while those of his heart and mind are with equal fidelity impressed on the hymns themselves.

Carl Johann Philipp Spitta was born at Hanover, on the 1st of August, 1801. After having studied theology at the University of Göttingen from 1821 to 1824, and subsequently been tutor in a private family for some years, he commenced his ministerial labours in the Lutheran Church in the year 1828, as assistant to the pastor of Südwald, in the Grafschaft of Hoya. In 1830 he was appointed chaplain to the garrison and reformatory of Hameln, and I infer from the date, that it was while occupying this post that he published the collection of hymns under the title of *Psalter und Harfe*, Leipzig, 1833, which has obtained for

him a reputation and popularity in Germany only second to that of Paul Gerhardt.

In 1837 he was appointed Pastor at Weshold, in Hoya. In 1847 he was preferred to the high ecclesiastical office of Superintendent, at Wittengen, in the principality of Lüneburg; and in 1853 to that of Superintendent and chief Pastor at Peine, in the principality of Hildersheim. In all these positions he is said to have performed the duties of his sacred office with much zeal, industry and success.

To this mere outline of facts and dates, I regret to add that of his death, which occurred about the beginning of October, 1859, he being at the time Pastor Primarius and Superintendent, at Burgdorf, in the kingdom of Hanover.

Most of the hymns have been set to music, and a few adapted to congregational singing. I am told that the author frequently sang them himself with his daughters, and so sweet was the harmony of the songs, accompanied by their united voices, that crowds used to assemble under their windows to listen to them.

It may be necessary to apprise the reader who wishes to compare the translation with the original, that I have ventured to alter the author's arrangement of the hymns, partly because the nature of the subjects seemed to sug-

gest it, but chiefly to procure greater variety in the metre. The repetition of the same form of trochaic measure, occurring as it does in one hymn after another, at the beginning of the book, would have been wearisome to the English ear, particularly as the metre itself is less in unison with the structure and genius of our language than of the German. To obviate any inconvenience which might arise from this change of arrangement, the pages of the English and corresponding German hymn are given in the Index.

I may conclude these remarks with the words of Luther, in his preface to the fine old hymns which he has bequeathed as an invaluable birth-right to the German nation :

“ Therefore, that such beautiful ornament of music, properly used, may tend to the glory of our blessed Creator, and the edifying of Christians, that He be praised and honoured, and that we, having His holy word impressed on the heart by sweet songs, be strengthened in the faith, may God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost mercifully grant. Amen.” *

R. M.

Pulford, April 1, 1860.

* *Martin Luther's Spiritual Songs*, translated by R. Massie : Hatchard and Son, London ; H. Roberts, Chester.



INDEX.

The page in the left-hand column is that of the corresponding hymn in the German.*

Page	Page
1 Up pfaltery and harp	3
94 Morning	6
96 Evening	8
98 Evening devotion	10
86 Joy in creation	11
88 The beauty of nature	13
90 Consider the lilies of the field	14
92 Winter	16
4 The appearance of Christ	18
125 Patience	20
6 Weep not for Me but weep for yourselves	22
8 Easter	24
12 Whit Sunday	27
15 The spirit of the Fathers	30
23 The song of songs	33
35 Comfort in Jesus' love	34
37 Rest in God	36

* *Psalter und Harfe.* Eine Sammlung Christlicher Lieder, zur häußlichen Erbauung, von Carl Johann Philipp Spitta, 22ste Auflage. Leipzig, 1854.

Page		Page
40	Self-knowledge	38
43	The Saviour of sinners	40
47	The Lord is my shepherd	44
50	The hour of the Lord	47
52	I am Thine	49
19	See what love !	50
54	My soul is still in God	51
57	Confidence	53
59	I believe	55
64	God's commandments are not hard	57
61	I will abide with Thee	59
66	Ye shall rejoice with unspeakable joy	61
69	Heavenly guidance	64
72	Life and contentment in Jesus	66
29	Turn again, ...	69
75	The vanity of the world	71
78	Our conversation is in heaven	73
81	The servant of the Lord	76
84	Strong in faith, rich in love	79
100	Salvation is come to this house	81
21	The Word of Life	83
102	The life of faith	85
27	Unity in the Spirit	87
104	The blessing of Christian fellowship	89
99	Comfort in the night	91
107	Devotion	92
108	Work in the Lord	93
24	The Missionaries	95
110	The Father loveth you	97
113	Faithful in little things	100
116	I and my house will serve the Lord	103
119	The happy lot	106
122	Abide in Jesus	108
124	The Christian's cross	110
127	Be ready for the days are evil	111

Page		Page
129	Longing	113
32	My soul thirsteth after the living God	115
132	Encouragement	117
135	The plant of God's planting	119
137	A time of dearth	121
140	Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	124
142	Comfort	126
145	Pilgrim's song	128
149	Parting	130
147	Home-sickness	132
151	The Song of dying	134
153	Christ has taken away the power of death	136
155	The grave	138
157	What we shall be	140







LYRA DOMESTICA.





Lyra Domestica.



UP! PSALTERY AND HARP.



ONLY was the way and dreary
Once to Canaan's fair abode ;
Few there were, who, faint and weary,
Trode the unfrequented road ;
For by thousands mocked and chidden,
They pursued the dangerous way,
Which appeared as though forbidden
And beneath a curse it lay.

True it is, that Sion's daughters
Never their sweet home forgot ;
By Euphrates' silent waters
Weeping and deprest they sat ;
On the willow-trees beside them
Hung their harps ; for none would sing,
In a land where foes deride them,
Songs of praise to Sion's King.

As they spake to one another
Of the Lord's beloved abode,
Sighs burst forth they could not smother,
Tears of bitter anguish flowed ;
For the heathen hordes had wasted
God's own house with open shame,
Till the Lord from heaven hasted
To the help of His great Name.

From the neighbouring hills descending,
Heralds peaceful tidings bear ;
Songs of home and joy are rending
With sweet sounds the startled air.
On they press o'er hill and valley,
E'en the desert teems with life,
And should any seem to dally,
They are urged with friendly strife.

Yes ! the Lord Himself hath spoken ;
Strike your tents, be glad of heart ;
He, whose word can not be broken,
Saith, " from Babylon depart."
God hath heard your sighs, and ended
Many a year of grief and wrong ;
Take your harps so long suspended,
Join ye all in grateful song.

God, renowned in Israel's story,
My Redeemer, God, and King,
I will magnify Thy glory
With sweet psalms and tuneful string.

Grateful tribute ever bringing,
I will praise Thee night and day,
Songs of joy and triumph singing,
As I climb the narrow way.



MORNING.



HE purple morning gilds the eastern
skies,

And what the night had hidden from
our eyes

Now stands revealed to our ad-
miring gaze ;

Mountain and valley, wood and fruitful plain,

Which in their misty bed asleep had lain,

Shine forth and glitter in the sun's bright rays.

Shine in my soul, and light and joy impart,

O blessed Jesu, Sun of my dark heart,

O cause therein the light of truth to shine ;

Shew me each crooked winding of my heart,

Change and renew it so in every part,

That my whole nature be transformed to Thine.

Lord, in Thy light O let me walk this day,

By Thy love prompted, act, and speak, and pray,

As a new creature it becomes to do,

Whose aim it is, in all his words and ways,

To set forth duly his Creator's praise,

And, new in heart, in life be also new.

I pray not, " take my troubles all away ; "

It is for love to bear them that I pray,

And firm belief that all is for my good ;
That every trouble must be kindly meant,
Since from the hands of Him it has been sent,
Who is my loving Father and my God.

I pray not that my days may smoothly run ;
Ah no ! I pray, “ Thy will alone be done ! ”
Yet give a childlike trusting heart to me ;
Should the earth seek to draw my spirit down,
O let my heart continue still Thine own,
And draw it upward from the earth to Thee.

I pray not, Lord, that Thou wilt quickly end
The griefs and troubles Thou art pleased to send ;
Be Thou my peace in every trying hour ;
I ask not heaven at once to enter in,
But, ere I die, that I may die to sin ;
Be Thou its death : destroy its guilt and power.

Thou Sun, by whom my new life first was lighted,
O let me not again become benighted,
But be my light when shades around me spread ;
With the bright splendour of Thy heavenly rays
Illuminate the evening of my days,
And shed a halo round my dying head.



EVENING.



LORD, who by Thy presence hast
made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome
day,

Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.
As Thou hast given me strength upon the way,
So deign at evening to become my guest,
As Thou hast shared the labours of the day,
So also deign to share and bless my rest.

No step disturbs me, not a sound is heard,
I commune in my chamber and am still,
And muse with deep attention on Thy word,
The faithful record of Thy mind and will.
O speak a word of blessing, gracious Lord,
Thy blessing is endued with soothing power ;
On the poor heart, worn out with toil, Thy word
Falls soft and gentle as the evening shower.

How sad and cold, if Thou be absent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead !
But, if Thy presence grace my humble board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed ;

Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet repose,
The calm of evening settles on my breast ;
If Thou be with me when my labours close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.

Come then, O Lord, and deign to be my guest
After the day's confusion, toil, and din,
O come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation and to pardon sin.
Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart
Left in my bosom from the day just past,
And let me on a Father's loving heart
Forget my griefs, and find sweet rest at last.



EVENING DEVOTION.



HOW smiling the day departed,
How sweetly evening steals on !
How jocund and how merry-hearted
The birds sing their evening song !

The flowers have no power of saying
Their prayers with audible sound,
And yet are they silently praying,
As they bend their heads to the ground.

Wherever I look is devotion,
God's praise is the general theme,
From the distant boom of the ocean
To the voice of the murmuring stream.

And all around us is praying
For rest from the toils of the day,
And seems as though it were saying,
" Poor mortal, do thou also pray ! "



JOY IN CREATION.



THOU beautiful Creation,
Which the Lord's almighty hand,
For our joy and admiration,
Hath so wonderfully planned !
O how varied are thy features,
O what love is there displayed,
To delight and bless the creatures,
Which His power and wisdom made !

In the high and heavenly places,
In the lowest e'er explored,
We discern the plainest traces
Of the goodness of the Lord !
Earth and air, and boundless ocean,
All are mirrors, where we see,
Now in stillness, now in motion,
Love in its immensity.

At a distance, and in nearness,
In the star, and in the flower,
Are inscribed with truth and clearness
God's great wisdom, love, and power.
Every where we see the traces,
Which a child may understand,
Of a God, whose love embraces
All the works of His own hand.

Oh ! how sweet it is from nature
To look up to nature's God,
To a merciful Creator,
Who in all things seeks our good ;
Who deserves the consecration
Of all powers which we possess,
Worship, praise and adoration,
More than tongue can e'er express !

Yes ! I know thee, revelation
Of my Lord in nature traced,
Since not only in creation
I have learnt to see and taste
Thy great love, and mark its traces,
But in Jesus Christ have found
Love, which every love surpasses,
Grace, no mortal man can found.



THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.



REJOICE in the beautiful earth,
For well she deserveth our praise,
What tongue can declare all the worth,
Which God to adorn her displays!

And yet, tho' so richly endowed,
She is only the work of His hands,
A creature, which well may be proud
To do whatfo'er He commands.

Rejoice in the moon and the sun,
And the stars brightly shining by night,
As the course, God appoints them, they run,
And lend us their lustre and light.

And yet, while they shine on our globe,
They are only the work of His hands,
The spangles adorning His robe,
The creatures that wait His command.

If then but His handiwork here
Such blessings already impart,
O what must our rapture be there,
To repose on His fatherly heart!

CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD!



SWEET lily of the field, declare
Whose hand it was that made,
And in such beauty placed thee there,
Before mine eyes displayed?

How white the robe which thou hast on,
With golden dust o'erlaid!
In all his glory, Solomon
Like thee was not arrayed.

God raised thee from the earth, sweet flower,
And tends thee with delight,
And sends thee, in the still calm hour,
An angel in the night.

Thy robes he washes in the dew,
And dries them in the air,
And bleaches them in sunshine too,
To make them bright and fair.

Sweet lily of the field, although
Thou hast no voice nor speech,
Thou dost a bright example shew,
A useful lesson teach.

Sweet lily of the field, by thee
This lesson I am taught :
“ God cares for little flowers like me,
Take then no anxious thought.”



WINTER.



T is winter : all seems dead or dying,
Solitude throughout all nature reigns ;
She herself, like some fair corpse, is lying
In the sheet which shrouds her wide
domains.

Her dear children sleep beneath their awning,
Sheltered safely in their mother's breast,
Dreaming of the resurrection morning,
When the spring shall wake them from their rest.

Thou, O earth, art stript of all thy beauty,
All thy boasted glory now has fled,
Thou thyself dost preach to us our duty
In a solemn sermon o'er the dead.
Earth can yield us no enduring pleasure,
We must part from that which most we love ;
Would'st thou seek an everlasting treasure,
Raise thy thoughts to heaven and things above.

Let the earth herself to heaven direct thee,
Seek not here thy home, but journey on
To the mansions, where the friends expect thee,
Who before thee are already gone.
Vainly seek'st thou here what thou desirest,
Therefore speed thee on thy heavenward way ;
Every thing which thou from earth requirest,
Is enough to hide thy mouldering clay.

But when Easter songs again awaken
Those who still are sleeping in the dust,
Earth shall bring the treasures she has taken,
And discharge her solemn sacred trust.
Think not here to find enduring pleasure,
Earth possesses nothing of her own ;
Let her lead thee to the one true treasure,
Joy in heaven at God's eternal throne.



THE APPEARANCE OF CHRIST.



CHRIST, whose first appearance lighted
Gloomy death's obscure domain,
Long, in Herod's courts benighted,
Sought I Thee, but fought in vain ;
All was glitter, pomp, and pleasure,
Sensuality, and pride,
But my heart found not its treasure,
And remained unsatisfied.

Then to learned scribes and sages,
Seeking Christ, I wandered on,
But upon their barren pages
Jacob's star had never shone ;
True indeed, like men in prison
Groping for the light of day,
Spake they of the Light new-risen,
But themselves saw not one ray.

To the temple I was guided
By the altar-fire and lights,
But, though all else was provided,
Christ was absent from the rites.
Then more precious time I wasted
In thy streets, Jerusalem,
But I fought in vain, and hasted
On my way to Bethlehem.

In the streets I wandered slowly,
Looking for some trusty guide ;
All was dark and melancholy,
None I met with far and wide.
On a sudden I perceivèd
O'er my head a star to shine ;
Lo, because I had believèd,
And had fought Him, Christ was mine.

Only seek, and you will find Him,
Never cease to seek the Lord ;
And should He delay, remind Him
Boldly of His plighted word.
Follow Him, and He will lead you ;
Trust Him in the darkest night ;
Jacob's star will still precede you,
Jacob's star will give you light.



PATIENCE.



Gentle angel wendeth
Throughout this world of woe,
Whom God in mercy sendeth
To comfort us below.
Her looks a peace abiding
And holy love proclaim ;
O follow then her guiding,
Sweet Patience is her name !

She leads us through this tearful
And sorrow-stricken land,
And speaks, resigned and cheerful,
Of better days at hand ;
And when thou art despairing,
She bids thee clear thy brow,
Herself thy burden sharing,
More hopeful far than thou.

She sobers into sadness
Thy grief's excessive smart,
And steeps in peace the madness
And tumult of the heart.
The darkest hour she maketh
As bright as sun at noon,
And heals each wound that acheth,
Full surely, if not soon.

Thy falling tears she chides not,
But pours in healing balm ;
Thy longing she derides not,
But makes devout and calm ;
And when in stormy seasons
Thou askest, murmuring, why ?
She giveth thee no reasons,
But smiling points on high.

To every doubt and question
She cares not to reply ;
“ Bear on,” is her suggestion,
“ Thy resting-place is nigh.”
Thus by thy side she walketh,
A true and constant friend,
Not over much she talketh,
But thinks “ O happy end ! ”



WEEP NOT FOR ME, BUT WEEP FOR
YOURSELVES.



HEREFORE weep we over Jesus,
O'er His death and bitter smart?
Weep we rather, that he sees us
Unconvinced and hard of heart;
For His soul was never tainted
With the smallest spot or stain,
'Twas for us He was acquainted
With such depths of grief and pain.

Ah! what profits it with groaning
Underneath His cross to stand;
Ah! what profits our bemoaning
His pale brow and bleeding hand;
Wherefore gaze on Him expiring,
Railed at, pierced, and crucified,
Whilst we think not of enquiring,
Wherefore and for whom He died?

If no sin could be discovered
In the pure and spotless Lord,
If the cruel death He suffered
Is sin's just and meet reward;
Then it must have been for others
That the Lord on Calvary bled,
And the guilt have been a brother's,
Which was laid upon His head.

And for whom hath He contended
In a strife so strange and new?
And for whom to hell descended?
Brothers! 'twas for me and you!
Now you see that He was reaping
Punishment for us alone;
And we have great cause for weeping,
Not for His guilt, but our own.

If we then make full confession,
Joined with penitence and prayer,
If we see our own transgression
In the punishment He bare,
If we mourn with true repentance,
We shall hear the Saviour say:
“Fear not, I have borne your sentence,
Wipe your bitter tears away.”



EASTER DAY.



UN, shine forth in all thy splendour,
 Joyfully pursue thy way,
 For thy Lord and my Defender
 Rose triumphant on this day.

When He bowed His head, sore troubled
 Thou didst hide thyself in night ;
 Shine forth now with rays redoubled,
 He is risen who is thy Light.

Earth, be joyous and glad-hearted,
 Spread out all thy vernal bloom ;
 For thy Lord is not departed,
 He has broken through the tomb.
 When the Lord expired, wide-yawning
 Thy strong rocks were rent with fright ;
 Greet thy risen Lord this morning,
 Bathed in floods of rosy light.

Say, my soul, what preparation
 Makest thou for this high day,
 When the God of thy salvation
 Opened through the tomb a way ?
 Dwellest thou with pure affection
 On this proof of power and love ?
 Doth thy Saviour's resurrection
 Raise thy thoughts to things above ?

Hast thou, borne on faith's strong pinion,
 Risen with the risen Lord?
 And, released from sin's dominion,
 Into purer regions soared?
 Or art thou, in spite of warning,
 Dead in trespasses and sin?
 Hath to thee the purple morning
 No true Easter ushered in?

O then let not death o'ertake thee
 By the shades of night o'erspread;
 See, thy Lord is come to wake thee,
 He is risen from the dead.
 While the time as yet allows thee,
 Hear; the gracious Saviour cries,
 " Sleeper, from thy sloth arouse thee,
 To new life at once arise."

See, with looks of tender pity
 He extends his wounded hands,
 Bidding thee, with fond entreaty,
 Shake off sin's enthralling bands:
 " Wait not for some future meetness,
 Dread no punishment from me,
 Rouse thyself and taste the sweetness
 Of the new life offered thee."

Let no precious time be wasted,
 To new life arise at length,
 He, who death for thee hath tasted,
 For new life will give new strength;

Try to rise, at once bestir thee,
Still press on and persevere,
Let no weariness deter thee,
He, who woke thee, still is near.

Waste not so much time in weighing
When and where thou shalt begin ;
Too much thinking is delaying,
Rivets but the chains of sin.
He will help thee, and provide thee
With a courage not thine own,
Bear thee in His arms, and guide thee,
Till thou learn'st to walk alone.

See, thy Lord Himself is risen,
That thou mightest also rise,
And emerge from sin's dark prison
To new life and open skies.
Come to Him, who can unbind thee
And reverse thy awful doom,
Come to Him, and leave behind thee
Thy old life—an empty tomb !



WHITSUNDAY.



RAW, Holy Spirit, nearer,
And in our hearts abide ;
O make our judgment clearer,
Our minds inform and guide.
O come, Thou great Renewer,
Touch heart and lip with fire ;
Make every bosom truer,
Our aims and objects higher.

O come, Thou true Consoler,
Thou Fire, that warms the cold,
The haughty breast's Controller,
O come and make us bold.
On all sides danger threatens ;
Lord, to our succour come,
And arm us with the weapons
Of early Christendom.

Hard unbelief and folly
The truth of God deny ;
O arm us, Lord most holy,
With weapons from on high :
With faith that never falters,
Unmoved by fear or praise,
With love that never alters,
And hope in darkest days.

We need a free confession
In this our lukewarm age,
A frank and full profession
In spite of scorn and rage ;
To friend alike and foeman,
On this or heathen ground,
To every man and woman
The Gospel trump to found.

Where'er Thy word is founded,
In far and savage lands,
The heathen are confounded,
And cast off Satan's bands.
On every side they waken
To hear Thy blessed word ;
Shall it from us be taken,
By us remain unheard ?

On us, O Thou most holy,
Thy wrath doth justly fall,
Who hear, yet, through our folly,
Have not obeyed the call.
Let us with deep prostration
Implore God's grace, that thus
The word of His salvation
Be not withdrawn from us.

Give power to those who witness
And preach Thy holy word,
That all may taste its sweetness,
And rally round the Lord.

Be this our preparation,
A heart and tongue of fire,
That this our proclamation
May speed as we desire !



THE SPIRIT OF THE FATHERS.



PIRIT, by whose operation
Faith and holiness proceed,
Source of heavenly conversation,
Strength in weakness, help in need !
Spirit, by whose inspiration
Prophets and Apostles spake,
Martyrs bled, and tribulation
Saints endured for Jesus' sake !

Lord, endue us with Thy blessing,
That, though babes we be in grace,
Faith, and love, and zeal possessing
For Thy house and holy place,
We may stake our dearest treasures,
All the good things of this life,
Honour, wealth, and darling pleasures,
In the great and holy strife.

Give us Abram's faith unshaken,
That the promise must be true,
And what God hath undertaken,
He assuredly will do ;
Which not only could unmoved
Trust the covenant of grace,
But the thing which he most loved
At the Lord's disposal place.

Give us Joseph's chaste behaviour,
 When the world with crafty wiles
 Seeks to draw us from the Saviour
 To herself, with frowns or smiles ;
 Give us grace and strength for shunning
 This ensnaring Potiphar,
 Wisdom to elude her cunning,
 Strength her open hate to bear.

Give us Moses' intercession,
 When he pleaded, wept, and prayed,
 That the people's fore transgression
 Might not to their charge be laid.
 Let us not with selfish coldness
 See the sinner go astray,
 But with Moses' holy boldness
 Plead and wrestle, weep and pray.

Give us David's bold defiance
 Of the Lord's and Israel's foes,
 And, in trouble, the reliance,
 Which on God, his Rock, he shows ;
 His right princely disposition,
 Friendship, constancy, and truth,
 But still more his deep contrition
 For the errors of his youth.

Arm us with the stern decision
 Of Elijah, in these days,
 When men, led by superstition,
 To false gods new altars raise.

Let us shun the mere profession
Common in our days and land,
Witnessing a good confession,
Even if alone we stand.

Give us the Apostles' daring,
And their bold undaunted mood,
Threats and fierce reproaches bearing,
To proclaim a Saviour's blood.
Let us to the truth bear witness,
Which alone can make us free,
Nor leave off, until its sweetness
All shall taste and know through Thee.

Give us Stephen's look collected,
And his calm and cheerful mind,
When we meet with unexpected
Trials of the sharpest kind.
In the midst of shouts and crying,
Let us with composure stand;
Open heaven to us in dying,
Show us Christ at God's right hand.

Spirit, by whose operation
Faith and love and might are given,
Source of holy conversation,
Bearing seed and fruit for heaven;
Spirit, by whose inspiration
Prophets and apostles spake,
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Dwell with us for Jesus' sake.

THE SONG OF SONGS.



HERE is a song so thrilling,
So far all songs excelling,
That they who sing it, sing it oft again ;
No mortal did invent it
But God by angels sent it,
So deep and earnest, yet so sweet and plain.

The love, which it revealeth,
All earthly sorrows healeth ;
They flee like mist before the break of day.
When, O my soul, thou learnest
That song of songs in earnest,
Thy cares and troubles all shall pass away.



COMFORT IN JESUS' LOVE.



TILL on Thy loving heart let me
 repose,
 Jesu, sweet Author of my joy and
 rest ;

O let me pour my sorrows, cares, and
 woes,

Into Thy true and sympathising breast.
 Thy love grows never cold, but its pure flame
 Seems every day more strong and bright to glow,
 Thy truth remains eternally the same,
 Pure and unfulled as the mountain snow.

O what is other love compared with Thine,
 Of such high value, such eternal worth !
 What is man's love compared with love divine,
 Which never changes in this changing earth :
 Love, which in this cold world grows never cold,
 Love, which decays not with the world's decay,
 Love, which is young when all things else grow old,
 Which lives when heaven and earth shall pass
 away !

How little love unchangeable and fixed
 In this dark valley doth to man remain,
 With what unworthy motive is it mixed,
 How full of grief, uncertainty, and pain !

Love is the object, which attracts all eyes,
We win it, and already fear to part,
A thousand rivals watch to seize the prize,
And tear the precious idol from our heart.

But Thou, in spite of our offences past,
And those, alas! which still in us are found,
Hast loved us, Jesus, with a love so vast,
No span can reach it, and no plummet found.
Though the poor love we give Thee in return
Should be extinguished, Thine is ever true,
Its vestal fire eternally doth burn,
Though everlasting, always fresh and new.

Thou, who art ever ready to embrace
All those who truly after Thee enquire,
Thou, who hast promised in Thy heart a place
To all who love Thee and a place desire;
O Lord, when I am anxious and deprest,
And dim with tears mine eyes can hardly see,
O let me lean upon Thy faithful breast,
Rejoicing that e'en I am loved by Thee.



REST IN GOD.



N vain thou seekest in thyself to find
Light, life, and joy, or any lasting
peace ;
Return to God, seek Him with all thy
mind,

The one true source of life and happiness.
Return to Him, poor erring child of man,
Where first thy being and thy life began,
Let all thy longings be to Him addressd,
Then and then only shalt thou find true rest.

But ah ! thou canst not go to Him, for see,
A mighty wall of separation stands
Built up by sin between thy God and thee ;
Behold, thy Saviour stretches out His hands,
And opens to thee through His precious blood
A way of peace and access to thy God :
He, who broke down that wall and sets thee free,
Hath borne thy guilt and thy iniquity.

Lo, thy Creator gave thee life at first,
Thy Saviour doth a second life bestow ;
He gives thee water to assuage thy thirst,
A guide to lead thee through this vale of woe ;

His Spirit giveth fight unto the blind,
Peace to the heart and clearness to the mind,
New strength and motives virtue to pursue,
The love of God, and heaven itself in view.

Behold thee now returned to thy true rest !
Through the thin veil of time thy joyful eyes
Discern the happy mansions of the blest,
And heaven's bright walls in dim perspective rise.
In fear no longer of a Father's rod,
Thou feel'st that thou art reconciled to God,
And, though thy troubles do not wholly cease,
Hast a sweet foretaste of thy future bliss.

Then seek not here in vain a resting place,
Nor in thyself expect to find repose ;
Such seeking only aggravates thy case,
And is embittered with a thousand woes ;
Such seeking wearies, but can not impart
The peace it longs for to the aching heart ;
Sleep may weigh down the eyes by care oppress'd,
But heavy slumber is not peaceful rest.

Cradle an infant on the softest bed,
Soothe it with songs of lullaby to rest,
More gently will it lay its little head,
More sweetly slumber on its mother's breast ;
Where the first draught of health and life it found,
There will its sleep be sweet, its slumber sound ;
Return my soul to God, thine only rest,
Then and then only art thou truly blest.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.



MAN hath his anxious seasons,
Much pain not understood;
Nor can he tell his reasons,
Till he discovers God:
When first he comprehendeth
How just He is and true,
His dream of goodness endeth,
His sins come all to view.

With Thee, O Lord, acquainted,
He learns to look within,
And sees his heart is tainted,
And full, alas! of sin.
From Thy great power he learneth
How vile he is and base,
His nakedness discerneth
In Thy abounding grace.

O goodness past expression,
Which brings not to our view
The height of our transgression,
Until it shews us too
A mode of expiation
Through Christ's atoning blood,
A full and free salvation,
And blissful rest with God!

What need we to content us,
 Since God gives us so much ?
 What fears can now torment us,
 Since His great love was such,
 That ere we comprehended
 Our sin, distress, and loss,
 The mighty work was ended
 Which saved us on the cross ?

Should greater be my gladness
 That Thou such love dost shew,
 Or greater still my sadness
 That I have grieved Thee so ?
 Ah ! both alike are needful,
 To know how poor I be,
 And yet not be unheedful
 How rich I am in Thee.

O happy hour of sadness
 And pain not understood,
 Which endeth in such gladness
 And everlasting good !
 Mine eyes upraised to heaven
 With tears of joy run o'er :
 I know I am forgiven ;
 Ah ! what can I want more ?



THE SAVIOUR OF SINNERS.



ESUS, Friend of sinners,
Move my soul, I pray Thee,
Both to choose Thee and obey Thee,
And in Thee discover
Daily some new treasure,
Depths of love no line can measure ;
O may I,
Drawn thereby,
Follow, where Thou goest,
Who the true way shewest.

While my life remaineth,
Deepen my impression
Of the guilt and great transgression
Which thou hast forgiven ;
That my heart's affection,
Sweetly drawn by this reflection,
May arise
To the skies,
With Thee ever living,
By faith, with thanksgiving.

Some new sin or other
Daily I discover,
Which if Thou, Lord, didst not cover,
I might justly tremble ;

I am weak and ailing,
Daily stumbling, hourly failing ;
But Thy blood,
Lamb of God,
Which from all sin cleanses,
Blots out my offences.

Ere the voice of Jesus
Yet had found and called me,
Sin, alas ! had so enthralled me,
And so firmly bound me,
That without resistance,
Helpless, hopeless of assistance,
To her sway,
Night and day,
I, alas ! consented,
Though by her tormented.

But since Thou, my Saviour,
Didst bring help and freedom
From this spiritual Edom,
Tho' sin hath no longer
In vile bondage held me,
Nor to do her will compelled me ;
Yet doth she
Constantly
Struggle to recall me,
And again enthrall me.

Ah ! how sweet Thy promise,
In Thine arms to bear us,

And that none from Thee shall tear us ;
And should'st Thou permit us
Now and then to stumble,
'Tis alone to keep us humble ;
Soon would sin
Victory win,
Didst not Thou defend us,
And Thy succour lend us.

Thou art still our helper,
For us interceding,
With the Father warmly pleading,
That He would forgive us
All our great offences,
And bear with our negligences.
To us all,
When we fall,
Thy blood brings sweet healing,
Our forgiveness feeling.

Through the blood of Jesus
We have now remission
Of our sins, and free admission
Into the most Holy ;
Nor will He forsake us
Though sin should sometimes o'ertake us :
They are clean
From all sin,
Who in Him are living,
Sprinkled, washed, forgiven.

Truth by man unfathomed !
Love that hath no ending !

Grace all human thought transcending !

Who can e'er forget it,
How He died to save us,
How He pitied and forgave us ?
Who can them
Now condemn,
Whom He hath forgiven,
And made heirs of heaven ?



THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.



HEAR my Shepherd calling,
And instantly obey,
And climb, though sometimes falling,
The steep and rugged way.
Though often at a distance,
I strive to follow still,
And offer no resistance
To His most blessed will.

Thou shew'st Thyself the greatest,
When greatest my distress,
Thy comforts are the sweetest
In days of bitterness.
Sometimes my courage fails me,
My strength seems well nigh gone,
But still Thy grace avails me,
Thy strength still helps me on.

Sometimes I sigh for morning
In sorrow's gloomy night,
When lo, already dawning
The day brings joy and light.
Sometimes my griefs enclose me
In every form and shape,
But God in mercy shews me
A method of escape.

Sometimes dark thoughts steal o'er me
Here in this vale of tears,
The future, spread before me,
So overcast appears.
The word of Thy salvation
Speaks comfort to my breast,
In midst of tribulation,
I find in Thee true rest.

Old sins oft leave behind them
Deep scars, which wound me still ;
Thou knowest how to bind them,
And heal them with great skill.
I often sink down weary
And heart-sick on the road,
But Thou art nigh to cheer me
And ease me of my load.

My gracious Guide and Master,
Thy wandering sheep O seek,
Fain would I follow faster,
But am, alas ! too weak ;
O come to help and guide me,
When I cannot proceed,
If Thou art, Lord, beside me,
I must perforce succeed.

Soon shall I cease to wander ;
The day may be at hand,
When Thou shalt take me yonder
To my dear Fatherland ;

There shall my chief employment
Consist in praising Thee,
With ever new enjoyment,
Throughout eternity.



THE HOUR OF THE LORD.

“  IS not yet the hour appointed! ”

I make answer to my heart,
When deprest and disappointed
It is longing to depart :

Wait awhile and hold thee still,
He doth well who waits God's will.

When a thousand griefs and troubles
Leave no rest by day or night,
When the storm its force redoubles,
And is almost at its height,
Patiently abide His will
At whose word the waves are still.

Every vessel must be drainèd,
Cups of joy and cups of grief,
Trust in God with faith unfeignèd,
Look to Him for thy relief :
When all human counsel fails,
Then it is that God prevails.

When the flood is rising higher,
Till it overflows the brink,
Then the Comforter draws nigher,
Ah ! much nigher than we think,
For it grieves Him to the heart
To behold our bitter smart.

Ah! it is with no hard Master,
No hard Lord we have to do;
If we bear each new disaster
With calm faith and patience too,
We shall soon experience this :
“ It will come, — that hour of bliss.”

Dost thou, heart, demand some token
That the Lord will give thee rest?
Trust the word which He hath spoken,
His own time must be the best;
Suffer, trust, and hope on still,
End right well it must and will.

O the hour of our exemption
From all pain, distress, and woe !
O the hour of our redemption
E'en from death, our last grim foe !
Sweet as sunshine after shower
Will be that all-glorious hour.



I AM THINE.



HY will I cheerfully obey,
Both when Thou giv'st and tak'st away ;
I follow, wherefoe'er 'Thou leadest,
I shun whatever Thou forbiddest ;
Do as Thou wilt, O Lord, provided
I never be from Thee divided.

I am not bent on mine own will,
But rather wish, devout and still,
To make Thy blessed will and pleasure
The rule by which mine own I measure ;
To Thee alone my ways commending
From the beginning to the ending.

I were indeed a very fool
To make mine own blind will my rule ;
I have a thousand times outwitted,
Deceived, betrayed myself, and cheated,
Nor have I ever found a blessing
In ways self-chosen and self-pleasing.

Through all my life how graciously
Hast Thou, my Saviour, dealt with me !
How often kept my feet from falling,
And heard me e'en before my calling !
Nor should I e'er have chosen Thee,
Hadst Thou not, Lord, first chosen me.

SEE WHAT LOVE.



EE, O fee, what love the Father
 Hath bestowed upon our race,
 How He bends with sweet compassion
 Over us His beaming face!
 See how He His best and dearest
 For the very worst hath given,
 His own Son for us poor sinners,
 See, O fee, the love of heaven!

See, O fee, what love the Saviour
 Also hath on us bestowed,
 How He bled for us and suffered,
 How He bare the heavy load!
 On the cross and in the garden
 Oh how sore was His distress!
 Is not this a love that passeth
 Aught that tongue can e'er express?

See, O fee, what love is shewn us
 Also by the Holy Ghost,
 How He strives with us poor sinners
 Even when we sin the most,
 Teaching, comforting, correcting,
 Where He sees it needful is!
 O what heart would not be thankful
 For a three-fold love like this?

MY SOUL IS STILL IN GOD.

MY soul in God abideth still,
 And ceaseth her complaining ;
 Let Him do with me what He will,
 While life is yet remaining ;
 He is my Lord, His servant I,
 Do what He will, I ask not why ;
 His ways are truth and mercy.

And yet 'tis hard to be quite still
 And by distrust offend not,
 When things appear to turn out ill,
 And God we comprehend not ;
 Blind Reason summons to her bar
 God's Providence for things that are
 Too deep for her to fathom !

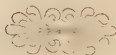
“ Why this, why that,” we oft demand
 In our presumptuous cavil ;
 “ This tangled web the wisest hand
 Can surely not unravel ;
 Surely my troubles are too great,
 I have deserved a better fate
 Than Providence allots me.”

Meantime my God is silent long,
 Until the glorious issue

Shews that no thread was woven wrong
In all the wondrous tiffue ;
Until at last the hour is come,
When full of shame I must stand dumb
In presence of my Maker.

Therefore, my soul, abide thou still
In God, in every season,
Who orders all things by His will
And not thy feeble reason ;
And when the end shall make quite clear
The things which now so dark appear,
Thou shalt give God the glory.

Then wilt thou have great cause for praise,
That, conscious of thy blindness,
Thou didst not murmur in dark days,
Nor doubt God's loving kindness ;
And when thy waiting time is o'er,
Thou shalt praise God for evermore
For all His wondrous mercies.



CONFIDENCE.



PLACE myself in Jesus' hands
And there abide for ever ;
No griefs, no joys, shall loose the bands,
Nor our sweet union sever ;
In those dread days

When earth decays,
Who stays on Him, and whom He stays,
Shall be preserved for ever.

A Rock and Castle is the Lord,
And they shall see and wonder
Who build on His almighty word,
And thereon deeply ponder ;
And what He saith,
In life and death,
My heart shall trust with steadfast faith,
Though earth be rent asunder.

Let Him do with me what He will,
He cannot fail to please me,
I cleave to Him with strong faith still,
And hope that He will bless me ;
He must be blest
Who loves Him best,
And on His word doth firmly rest ;
Lord, with this truth impress me.

When things are at their worst, I will
Still joy in His protection,
Who loves to bring out good from ill,
And grieves in my affliction ;
His trials sent
Are all well meant,
His blows a Father's chastisement,
And tokens of affection.

My confidence unshaken stands
Upon His blessed promise,
That none shall pluck us from His hands,
Nor any foe o'ercome us.
He will not break
The word He spake,
He will not leave us nor forsake,
Nor take His Spirit from us.



I BELIEVE.



BELIEVE, and so have spoken :
Hear what God hath done for
me !

I believe, and by this token
I confess Him openly,
That there is no Name, whereby
Sinners can be saved, but His,
God Himself, the Lord Most High,
Jesus Christ our Righteousness.

I believe, and therefore ever
Will I love my God and Guide ;
I believe, and therefore never
Shall aught move me from His side ;
And to all will I declare,
That my saving health is He,
And that where He is not, there
I wish not myself to be.

I believe, and therefore shun not
Troubles which the Lord ordains ;
I believe, and therefore run not,
But gird up my loins and reins ;
Many a victory have I won,
Oft stood firm by sin enticed ;
And by whom was all this done ?
In Thy strength, Lord Jesu Christ.

I believe, and therefore sink not
Under grief, distress, and pain ;
I believe, and therefore shrink not
E'en from death, for death is gain ;
For He gives me health and strength
Even in the last dread strife,
And shall bring me safe at length
Into everlasting life.

Suffer not my faith to fail me,
But uphold me with Thy hand,
That, whatever foes assail me,
I may reach the promised land.
Jesus, Thou my Joshua be,
Let me follow in Thy train,
That I may at last with Thee
In the heavenly Canaan reign.



GOD'S COMMANDMENTS ARE NOT
HARD.

T is not after all so hard
To be a happy man ;
We give ourselves unto the Lord,
And do the best we can.

Not slaves but fons, we gladly do
Whatever we are told,
And with our love increases too
Our joy a thousand fold.

We work with silent industry,
Unconscious of the toil,
As of itself some goodly tree
Bears fruit in fertile soil.

Our daily task we enter on
With willing hearts and hands ;
The Lord in us hath always done
What He from us demands.

In all He wills we acquiesce,
Assured that it is best ;
At every time, in every place,
With Him we must be blest.

Thus doth the Christian thrive and grow,
Though poor, a wealthy man,
And if we can't be happy so,
I know not how we can.



I WILL ABIDE WITH THEE.



N Thy service will I ever,
Jesus, my Redeemer, stay ;
Nothing me from Thee shall sever,
Gladly would I go Thy way.

Life in me Thy life produces,
And gives vigour to my heart,
As the vine doth living juices
To the purple grape impart.

Could I be in other places
Half so happy as with Thee,
Who so many gifts and graces
Hast Thyself prepared for me ?
No place could be half so fitted
To impart true joy, I ween,
Since to Thee, O Lord, committed
Power in heaven and earth hath been.

Where shall I find such a Master,
Who hath done my soul such good,
And retrieved the great disaster
Sin first caused, by His own blood ?
Is not He my rightful owner,
Who for me His own life gave ?
Were it not a foul dishonour
Not to love Him to the grave ?

Yes, Lord Jesus, I am ever
Thine in sorrow and in joy ;
Death the union shall not sever,
Nor eternity destroy.
I am waiting, yea, am fighting
For my summons to depart ;
He is best prepared for dying
Who in life is Thine in heart.

Let Thy light on me be shining
When the day is almost gone,
When the evening is declining,
And the night is drawing on ;
Bless me, O my Father, laying
Both Thy hands on my meek head,
“ Here thy day is ended,” saying,
“ Yonder live the faithful dead.”

Stay beside me, when the stillness
And the icy touch of death
Fill my trembling soul with chillness,
Like the morning’s frosty breath ;
As my failing eyes grow dimmer,
Let my spirit grow more bright,
As I see the first faint glimmer
Of the everlasting light.



YE SHALL REJOICE WITH UNSPEAKABLE
JOY.

HOW shall I describe the pleasure,
Which penetrates my inmost
frame,
That I may call the Lord my trea-
sure,

My Saviour and Redeemer name ;
That in my greatest tribulation
I may find Him my consolation,
And hope, through faith in God's dear Son,
That my true joy has now begun !

Couldst thou once know, O unbeliever,
The truth to which thou hast been blind,
Thou wouldst awake, as from a fever,
In grief and agony of mind.
Couldst thou but taste one hour the blessing
Of inward peace and joy possessing,
Thou wouldst not lose another day,
But come to Christ without delay.

Time was, when I myself have tasted
The joys this cold world can bestow ;
When precious hours in vain I wasted,
And pierced myself with many a woe ;

From flower to flower like insects hasting,
And pleasure after pleasure tasting,
Till pleasure ended, as it must,
In disappointment and disgust.

There cleaves to this world's fleeting pleasures
The curse of insufficiency,
She spends, but doth not gather treasures
To last throughout eternity ;
Her glittering hoards of boasted treasure
Cannot repair, in smallest measure,
Sin's deadly mischief, or contrive
To save one human soul alive.

How different are the joys which greet us,
When Jesus hath new life bestowed,
When Peace and Comfort come to meet us
And scatter flowers upon our road ;
When at each hour we find sweet healing
For every wound that we are feeling,
A balsam for our keenest smart,
A welcome to a Father's heart !

Our wants and wishes now are fewer,
The world around us seems more small,
Our joys are simpler far and truer,
Unmixed with bitterness and gall.
Modest and humble in successes,
Patient in troubles and distresses,
We are, and 'tis our pride to be,
Our Saviour's rightful property.

Above us lies an open heaven,
Beneath us closed a dread abyfs ;
We love, because we are forgiven,
We have true joy, true rest and peace,
Answer to prayer, support in trial,
Some better thing for each denial ;
The good thing we have chosen is
Our soul's eternal happiness.

Thus ever happy in possessing
The love and favour of our God,
And trusting Him for every blessing
Both for our soul's and body's good,
We live prepared always for dying,
Ready to quit this world of fighting,
To reap an undeserved reward,
And be for ever with the Lord.



HEAVENLY GUIDANCE.



RAISE, all praise, to Thee be given,
God the Father and the Son !
On the earth and in the heaven
All has prospered Thou hast done.
I confess with grateful feelings,
Wife and good have been Thy dealings ;
They proclaim aloud, that he
Is most blest who trusts in Thee.

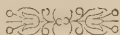
Blessed Lord, if Thou hadst led me
As I foolishly desired,
All the good I shunned forbid me,
Given all that I required ;
Hadst Thou punished me by granting
All that I believed was wanting,
Words would not, O God, express
What had been my wretchedness.

How can they, whose eyes are blinded
'Mid the din and dust of earth,
Find the pearl the heavenly-minded
Deem of such transcendent worth ?
Evil ways perversely choosing,
And the right and true refusing,
Farther every day they stray
From the true and living way.

He who wishes no conductor
 But the hand of his dear Lord,
 He who wishes no instructor
 But His Spirit and His word,
 He shall walk secure from dangers
 In a land of foes and strangers,
 Till at last the same wise hand
 Brings him to his Fatherland.

Therefore with my God hereafter
 I will patiently abide,
 And in spite of sneers and laughter
 Make Him my support and guide.
 Since in God I have confided,
 I have been securely guided ;
 What I have experienced, is
 My best pledge for future bliss.

God hath said it, God hath said it,
 God hath said, and I obey ;
 God hath said it, God hath said it,
 And with joy I go my way ;
 God so willeth, God so willeth,
 Every murmur sweetly stilleth,
 God so wills it, e'en hath power
 To make sweet the last dread hour.



LIFE AND CONTENTMENT IN JESUS.



BLESSED Sun, whose splendour
Dispels the shades of night,
O Jesus, my Defender,
My soul's supreme delight,
All day I hear resounding
A voice with silver tone,
Which speaks of grace abounding
Through God's eternal Son.

A deep and heavenly feeling
Oft seizes on my breast,
Ah! here is balm for healing,
Here only is true rest.
Though fortune should bereave me
Of all I love the best,
If Christ His love still leave me,
I freely give the rest.

To win this precious treasure
And matchless pearl, I would
Give honour, wealth, and pleasure,
And every earthly good ;
I gladly would surrender
The dearest thing which might
Obscure my Sun's bright splendour,
And rob me of His light.

I know no life divided,
O Lord of life, from Thee,
In Thee is life provided
For all mankind and me ;
I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in Thee,
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If Thou, my God and Teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest,
Ah ! what shall I be yonder
In perfect peace and rest ?
O blessed thought in dying !
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no fighting,
A kingdom our reward.

Lord, with this truth impress me,
And write it on my heart,
To comfort, cheer, and bless me,
That Thou my Saviour art ;

Without Thy love to guide me,
I should be wholly lost,
The floods would quickly hide me
On life's wide ocean tost.

Thy love it was which fought me.
Thyself unfought by me,
And to the haven brought me
Where I would gladly be ;
The things, which once distressed me,
My heart no longer move,
Since this sweet truth impressed me,
That I possess Thy love.



TURN AGAIN.



TURN, poor wanderer, ere the sentence

Falls on thee which none can stay;
Flee to Christ with deep repentance,
Seek the Lord without delay.

As thou art, with all thy burden,
Come, and He will grant thee pardon.
See, He comes to meet thee, sealing
With His own most holy word
Pardon, blessing, strength, and healing;
Turn, O turn thee to the Lord.

Flee from worldly dissipation,
Commune with thy heart, be still;
God shall by thy renovation
All thy best desires fulfil.
There a peaceful calm awaits thee
From the storm which agitates thee,
There shalt thou discern the warning
Of the Spirit in thy breast,
Pleading with thee, night and morning,
Till He brings thee to thy rest.

Lay aside all needless terrors,
For thy Father's loving heart

Offers pardon for thy errors,
Balsam for thy keenest smart.
Look on Him, whom thou hast wounded,
Yet whose love hath so abounded,
That He suffered to redeem thee ;
Turn, O turn again, nor fear,
That thy Lord will yet condemn thee,
Who esteemed thy soul so dear.

Drink in life with deep thanksgiving,
Dwelling on this gracious theme,
God is patient and forgiving,
And almighty to redeem ;
Not a grief, but He can feel it,
Not a wound, but He can heal it ;
He hath balm for every sorrow,
Cleansing for the vilest sin ;
O delay not till to-morrow
What thou canst this day begin.

Shake off all thy sloth and dulness,
Linger not, nor take thine ease ;
Come from emptiness to fulness,
Shadows to realities,
Out of dimness into clearness,
Out of distance into nearness !
Come away from sin and sorrow,
Come to Christ without delay !
Put not off until to-morrow
What thy God will give to-day.



THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.



AN then the world make no provision
 For human happiness below ?
 Is all she gives us but a vision,
 A fleeting dream, an empty show ?
 Her burthens are so hard to bear,
 Her pleasures lighter than the air !

Her life is but a fruitless striving,
 A never fought-out battle-field,
 A fruitless toil, a vain contriving,
 A sorrow which remains unhealed,
 A sleep which gives no rest, a breath,
 An every day repeated death.

Sometimes we spend the hours in trying
 Their weary dulness to beguile,
 Now we complain that they are flying,
 And cry, "sweet hours, O stay awhile ;"
 Sometimes we wish to flee away,
 Sometimes on earth would ever stay.

Now draughts of flattery we are drinking
 From poisoned cups, and now we try
 To drown remorse, and silence thinking,
 By noisy mirth and revelry ;

Now scoff at God, and now give vent
To murmuring and discontent.

Meantime both head and heart are hollow
In midst of riot and excess,
And on enjoyment quickly follow
Satiety and weariness ;
We feast, and yet have not our fill,
We sleep, and yet are weary still.

We make provision every minute
For the poor tenement of clay,
And leave the soul who dwells within it
To pine and languish day by day ;
The pampered body takes its ease,
She sits at home and languishes.

While thus, uncared for and neglected,
Averse from God she pines away,
Death comes upon us unexpected,
And pulling down our house of clay,
Turns out the soul from time, to be
A tenant of eternity.

Make me, O God, not earthly-minded,
But Thine in Jesus Christ to be,
That by the world no longer blinded,
I may devote my heart to Thee,
And *in* not *of* the world be found,
A shining light to all around.



OUR CONVERSATION IS IN HEAVEN.



S a traveller, returning
To his home from some far land,
Thinks of it with bosom yearning,
Ere his foot hath touched the
strand ;

So amid the noisy pleasures
Of the world, the heart oft sighs
For the nobler higher treasures
Laid up for us in the skies.

All our wish and our endeavour
Is to love and please and choose
Him, who loves us, nor will ever
What is for our good refuse.
When the soul without distraction
Sits and listens at His feet,
Then she finds true satisfaction
And a happiness complete.

Jesus, like the magnet, raises
Our dull spirits to the skies,
And we seem, in prayer and praises,
As on eagles' wings to rise ;
Why we feel this strong attraction,
Why we wait for His command
In each thought, and word, and action,
Can the world not understand.

Should our enemies asperse us,
Our dear Lord, who loves us so,
Bids us bless e'en them who curse us,
And to love our greatest foe.
He, who died for our salvation
And on us hath heaven bestowed,
Wills that by our conversation
We should glorify our God.

Can we have our hearts in heaven,
And yet earthly-minded live ?
Can we, who have been forgiven,
Not forget and not forgive ?
Can we hate an erring brother,
Only love when we are loved,
And not bear with one another,
By Christ's Holy Spirit moved ?

Ah ! no hater, or blasphemer,
None who slander and defame,
Can be one with the Redeemer,
Who was gentle as a lamb ;
Love will cause assimilation
With the object of our love,
Love will work a transformation,
And renewal from above.

None, O Lord, who are unholy,
Shall Thy perfect beauty see ;
Teach me to be meek and lowly,
Teach me to resemble Thee.

Keep me from the world unspotted,
That I may not only be
To Thy service here devoted,
But abide in heaven with Thee.



THE SERVANT OF THE LORD.



HE man is highly blessed,
Who makes it his delight
To do his Master's bidding,
And serve Him day and night ;
Who asks Him for His blessing,
When he begins the day,
His sins with grief confessing,
When he has gone astray.

His loving heart constrains him
To watch the beckoning hand
Of Him, whose absence pains him,
Whose wish is a command ;
He needs no admonition,
But follows glad and still,
For love by intuition
Prevents the loved one's will.

God sanctifies and blesses
The trials which He sends ;
The burthen lightly presses,
It breaks not, though it bends ;
And though our tears flow faster
At each increasing stroke,
We lean upon our Master,
And meekly bear His yoke.

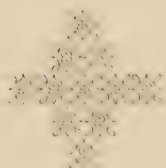
We know He fympathifes
In all that grieves us fo,
And no diftreffs defpifes
Which we can undergo ;
To Him we may each weaknefs,
Each trouble boldly fhew,
Who hath for us with meeknefs
Endured fuch bitter woe.

And when our profpect brightens,
And we are light and gay,
He is the Sun which lightens,
And turns our night to day.
From Him comes every bleffing,
To Him they lead us back ;
In Him all things poffeffing,
No real good we lack.

How fweet a lot befalls us,
How greatly are we bleft !
For that whereto He calls us,
We know is always beft.
In good and adverfe feafons,
In pleafure and in pain,
We afk Him for no reafons,
Nor ever once complain.

Brief as a night of flumber
Our days glide fwiftly on,
Ere we can tell their number
Death comes, and we are gone !

O happy day which sees us
To our Beloved restored !
When we shall be with Jesus,
The servant with his Lord.



STRONG IN FAITH, RICH IN LOVE.



LET me build on this secure foundation,
 Lord, my rock, my safety, and my
 shield,
 Which Thy holy word for my salva-
 tion

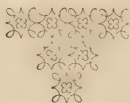
Hath in this accepted time revealed.
 Jesus Christ His glory hath forsaken,
 And our flesh and human nature taken,
 To redeem us by His death from death ;
 He hath died, that we might be forgiven,
 He hath died, that we may live in heaven,
 There by sight, and here meantime by faith.

Plant in me a faith secure and stable
 In the work which 'Thou, O God, hast planned,
 That no sneers nor my own doubts be able
 To destroy the faith wherein I stand.
 Give me Peter's sorrow and contrition,
 Let me witness also his confession,
 "Thou art Christ, to whom then shall I go ?"
 Like St. Paul's, let this be my endeavour,
 That the life I live I may live ever
 Through the faith of Him who loved me so.

Kindle by the Spirit's inspiration
 That undying love within my heart,

Which, though crowned herself with Thy salvation,
Yet prefers a servant's humble part,
Lowly, meek, and gentle in behaviour,
Rich in faith, rejoicing in her Saviour,
Calm and patient under every ill;
Suffers, hopes, believes all things, and blesses
God alike in joy and distresses,
Ready both to bear and do His will.

And so let me, loving and confiding,
Walk conducted by Thy faithful hand,
Or beneath Thy sheltering wings abiding
Shun the foes which I can not withstand;
Nor, when conquering, let me boast, but rather,
Clinging like a child unto its father,
Smile securely in Thy firm embrace;
Let me on Thy faithful word relying
Clasp Thee with the arms of faith, till dying
I at length behold Thee face to face.



SALVATION IS COME TO THIS HOUSE.



HAPPY house, O home supremely
blest,

Where Thou, Lord Jesus Christ, art
entertained

As the most welcome and belovèd
guest,

With true devotion and with love unfeigned ;
Where all hearts beat in unison with Thine,

Where eyes grow brighter as they look on Thee,
Where all are ready, at the slightest sign,
To do Thy will and do it heartily.

O happy house, where man and wife are one,
Through love of Thee, in spirit, heart, and mind,
Together joined by holy bands, which none,
Not death itself, can sever or unbind ;
Where both on Thee unfailingly depend,
In weal and woe, in good and evil days,
And hope with Thee eternity to spend
In sweet communion and eternal praise.

O happy house, where with the hands of prayer
Parents commit their children to the Friend,
Who, with a more than mother's tender care,
Will watch and keep them safely to the end ;

Where they are taught to sit at Jesus' feet,
And listen to the words of life and truth,
And learn to lift His praise in accents sweet
From early childhood to advancing youth.

O happy house, where men and maid pursue
Their daily labours as unto the Lord,
Desiring only that whate'er they do
May be according to His will and word ;
As servants, yet as friends and brethren too,
Their love with deep humility combined,
No less in little than in great things true,
They serve Him gladly with a willing mind.

O happy house, where Thou dost share the weal,
Where none forget Thee, whatsoe'er befall ;
O happy house, where Thou the wounds dost heal,
The Healer and the Comforter of all ;
Till every one his stated task hath done,
And all at length shall peacefully depart
To the bright realms where Thou Thyself art gone,
The Father's house where Thou already art.



THE WORD OF LIFE.



WORD of Life, eternal Fountain,
Thou dost living strength impart
To the soul that truly seeks Thee,
To the faint and longing heart :
So some tender flower of summer,
 Drooping in the noonday sun,
Bends its head, to drink the waters
 Which beside it softly run.

What were earth, if Thou wert absent,
 But a vale by streams unfed ?
What were heaven without Thy presence,
 But a hall untenanted ?
What were life, by Thee ungladdened,
 But a long protracted death ?
What, without Thee, would be dying ?
 Night without the morning's breath.

Word of Life, 'tis Thine to light us,
 But 'tis Thine to warn us too ;
Thou a glorious heaven revealest,
 But bring'st also hell to view :
Terribly Thou wakest finners
 From their dull lethargic rest,
Yet Thy mercy sweetly covers
 Sins repented and confest.

Taught by Thee, we learn to tremble
At a Judge who all things weighs,
But no less to love a Father,
Who bears with the child that strays ;
One who gave His own belovèd
For the sin that He reproveth,
Who in Him the sin condemneth,
Yet in Him the sinner loves.

Word of Life, to him that hears thee
Thou dost promise heavenly rest ;
Yet by him alone who keeps thee
Shall the jewel be possèst.
Ah, then ! I will ever keep thee,
Word of God, the Spirit's sword ;
Help me here to fight and conquer,
There to reap a bright reward.



THE LIFE OF FAITH.



HAT greater blessedness can be,
 What more exalted state,
 Than when, O Lord, our lives to
 Thee
 By faith we consecrate?

The thought that Thou art ever nigh
 Inspires us with delight;
 We seem to see Thee with the eye,
 And live as in Thy fight.

What though our lips oft silent be,
 The heart doth always pray,
 And grateful thoughts rise up to Thee,
 O Lord, both night and day.

We may with Thee hold converse sweet,
 When all around is still,
 And come before Thy mercy-seat,
 As often as we will.

Like children at Thy feet we play,
 And should we come to grief,
 We fly to Thee to wipe away
 Our tears, and grant relief.

When we are weary, our kind God
Prepares for us a bed,
And covers with the cool green sod
His sleeping children's head.

There in the deep still night we lie,
Until the morning break,
And we shall hear the Saviour's cry :
“ Awake from sleep, awake.”

What then shall be, to our dim ken
A mystery doth seem ;
We know that we shall be like men
Awakened from a dream.



UNITY IN THE SPIRIT.



RETHREN, called by one vocation,
Members of one family,
Heirs through Christ of one salvation,
Let us live in harmony ;
Nor by strife
Embitter life,
Journeying to eternity.

In a land where all are strangers,
And our sojourning so short,
In the midst of common dangers,
Concord is our best support ;
Heart with heart
Divides the smart,
Lightens grief of every fort.

Let us shun all vain contention
Touching words and outward things,
Whence, alas ! so much dissension,
And such bitter rancour springs ;
Troubles cease,
Where Christ brings peace
And sweet healing on His wings.

Judge not hastily of others,
But thine own salvation mind ;

Nor be lynx-eyed to thy brother's,
To thine own offences blind;
God alone
Discerns thine own,
And the hearts of all mankind.

Let it be our chief endeavour,
That we may the Lord obey,
Then shall envy cease for ever,
And all hate be done away;
Free from strife
Shall be his life
Who serves God both night and day.



THE BLESSING OF CHRISTIAN
FELLOWSHIP.

It is a practice greatly blest
To speak, Lord Jesu Christ, of Thee;
Thou art amongst us as a guest,
We feel it, though we cannot see;
We seem to breathe, in glad surprise,
An atmosphere of love and bliss,
And read within each other's eyes,
To whom it is we owe all this.

How quickly strife and envy end,
How soon all idle griefs depart,
When friend takes counsel thus with friend,
When soul meets soul, and heart meets heart!
We have so many things to say,
So many failings to confess,
Time flies, alas! so soon away,
We cannot half we would express.

How fain would we repeat again
The touching tale of God's dear Son,
His faithfulness and love to men,
And the great things which He hath done;
How He first touched our heart and feelings
By joy and grief's alternate sway,
And led us by His gracious dealings
In safety to this very day.

We hear a still small voice within,
When first He makes His presence known ;
Blest hour ! when we confess our sin
With many a self-accusing groan ;
When we bow down and humbly call
On God to heal our bitter smart,
We feel His Spirit gently fall
Like dew upon our weary heart.

We feel relieved from all distress,
From anxious doubt and boding fear ;
We have a foretaste of our bliss,
And breathe a purer atmosphere ;
We seem new creatures to become,
New thoughts and hopes possess our mind ;
Like wanderers returning home,
We leave all former things behind.

O let us then, dear Lord, be blest
With Thy sweet presence every day,
Be with us as our daily guest
And our companion on the way ;
Fan our devotion's feeble flame,
Let us press on to things before,
Bring us together in Thy name,
Until we meet to part no more.



COMFORT IN THE NIGHT.



WEEP no more, poor child of sorrow,
O'er thy youth's untimely blight ;
Joy will come again to-morrow,
Grief endureth but a night.

Seems it long till purple morning
Streaks the eastern sky with light ?
Stars with beauty are adorning
E'en the fable brow of night.



DEVOTION.



OW good it is, Lord, to be here
Amid the congregation!
The beating heart and gushing tear
Bespeak our adoration.

Wherefore, ye tear drops, do ye flow?
O heart, what means this beating?
The body rests from toil below,
The soul her God is meeting.



WORK IN THE LORD.



HAT in the Lord thou doest must
succeed,

The glory His, the blessing shall be
thine;

From Him alike both will and act
proceed,

He sows and gives the increase to the seed,

He prompts and perfects every good design :
Hands on thy work, thy heart on God alone,
Thus and thus only is a good work done.

Think not that ought is in God's eyes so small,

That He will not the needful succour lend ;
His ear is ever open to thy call,

To give thee strength, to bless and prosper all,

And bring thy labours to a happy end :
Call on the Lord whate'er thou dost to bless,
And He will crown thy efforts with success.

He makes thy heart courageous, firm, and bold,

And should thy labours seem to press too fore,
He suffers not thy courage to grow cold,

Smooths on thy care-worn brow the gathering fold,

Arms thee with patient industry, nay more,
Regards the smallest kindness shown to one
Of His disciples, as to Him t'were done.

His presence doth not weaken and destroy,
But rather strengthens and collects thy powers,
Sheds a bright lustre o'er the day's employ,
Turns toil to pleasure, trouble into joy,
And gilds with sunshine e'en thy darkest hours :
For what thy hand hath done with all its might,
The Lord will richly to thy heart requite.

How blest to have the Lord before our eyes,
To speak with Him, and listen to His voice,
With Him in all our troubles to advise,
To feed upon His holy mysteries,
And in each act of goodness to rejoice !
The world astonished cannot understand
The cheerful promptness of thy heart and hand.



THE MISSIONARIES.



LEST are ye, ye chosen bearers
Of God's word to lands afar,
Bidding all men to be sharers
Of the joyful news ye bear.
Onward, onward, boldly pressing
Through the howling desert speed,
God will crown your work with blessing,
And give increase to the seed.

High your Saviour's banner waving,
Tell it forth, intrepid band,
That His Name alone is saving,
That all power is in His hand.
Be to all the world a witness
Of the everlasting word,
Teaching all to taste its sweetness,
And confess that He is Lord.

Arm, ye soldiers, though your weapons
Be not spears or glittering swords,
Press on still, though danger threatens,
For the whole earth is the Lord's.
He who sent you will defend you,
And your King and Shepherd be,
Though like sheep 'mid wolves He send you,
Ye shall wander glad and free.

Love it was for one another
Which first moved and urged you on
That to do for your poor brother,
Which the Lord for you hath done.
Therefore seek ye neither pleasure,
Honour, wealth, nor earthly good,
No ! ye bear a nobler treasure,
Peace through Jesus' precious blood.

Bear all hardships unrepining,
Scoffed at, answer not a word ;
For all lands shall soon be shining
With the glory of the Lord.
Blest are ye, brave standard-bearers,
Witnesses for Christ to men,
Ye shall in His joy be sharers,
When your Lord shall come again.

After all their tribulations,
Thousands shall Hosanna sing,
And the heavens with acclamations
To their God and Saviour ring.
Thousands then shall hail the teachers,
Who first brought them to the Lord ;
Then shall be, ye faithful preachers,
Your bright crown and sweet reward.



THE FATHER LOVETH YOU.



OW blest are we, that God of us
 Vouchsafes to be so heedful,
 Providing for our daily use
 Whatever things are needful!
 All things are his,

Whose Father is
 The God who ever liveth,
 And every good gift giveth.

What though we roam the wide world o'er,
 And have no earthly treasure,
 Our Father's love can give us more
 Than worlds of wealth can measure.
 We need not fear,
 Though we have here
 But little food and raiment,
 Nor aught to give in payment.

He who for us so much hath done
 To purchase our salvation,
 Who gave his own belovèd Son
 For our propitiation ;
 He who bestows
 Such love on foes,
 Will He, our God and Father,
 Not care for us much rather ?

Before a throne of grace we may
Present ourselves with boldness,
Nor fear that He will turn away
His face from us with coldness.
He will and can
Hear every man,
Who offers his petition
With faith and true contrition.

In Jesus Christ the Father's heart
Is open to receive us ;
We fly to it, when inward smart
And outward troubles grieve us ;
There we may rest
Secure and blest,
Exposed no more to dangers,
To care and sorrow strangers.

Think ye the near approach of death
Can make our hearts feel sadly ?
Ah no ! when " Come " the Father saith,
We will go home right gladly ;
Far better 'twere
That we were there !
" O would that He would call us ! "
We sigh, when griefs befall us.

He loveth us, that is enough
To fill our hearts with gladness,
He loveth us, that is enough
To chase away all sadness.

Lord, grant that we
May also Thee
Love with a love unceasing,
Yea, every day increasing !



FAITHFULNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.



HAT love is purest and most true,
Which leans upon its Saviour's
breast,
And thinks with pleasure ever new
How in all things to please Him best ;
Which in all things, not great alone,
On serving Him is fully bent,
And knowingly will not to one,
No, not the smallest sin consent.

For know, my soul, the Lord will not
Hold thy least service in contempt,
For little acts are most from spot
Of vanity and pride exempt.
Begin then first with little things,
The smallest sin avoid and hate ;
Obedience to love adds wings,
And little faith will grow to great.

If thou avoidest but the great
And grosser sins, from fear of shame,
And dost the small ones tolerate,
Thy love is but an empty name ;

That is not loving Christ alone,
That is but loving Him in part,
Not doing His will, but thine own,
Not serving Him with all thy heart.

For he who is indeed the Lord's,
Follows Him always, and will shun
In all his actions, thoughts, and words,
All sin, or an approach to one ;
Seeks to promote his Saviour's praise
In everything he doth and saith,
And walks in His most holy ways,
Partaker of His life and death.

In every work, and at all hours,
His chief aim is to serve his Lord
With all his heart, and mind, and powers,
In strict obedience to His word ;
For Him he shrinks not night and day
From hardship, trouble, loss, and woe ;
It is enough for him to say :
“ My Lord commands and wills it so.”

Wrestle, my soul, and strive, and pray,
Thyself to this true love to raise,
That thus thou mayst from day to day
Bring forth new fruit to His great praise.
Study to please Him, and be true,
My soul, in great and small things both,
For earnest diligence may do
What is impossible to sloth.

Say not, I will in some great trial
My constancy and truth maintain ;
O think of Peter's sad denial,
And confidence, which proved so vain.
Then learn to practise truth in small
As well as in great things ; lest thou,
Like Peter, should bewail thy fall,
Thy faithlessness and broken vow.



I AND MY HOUSE WILL SERVE THE
LORD.



AND my house are ready, Lord,
With hearts that beat in sweet accord
To serve Thee and obey Thee ;
Be in the midst of us, we pray,
To guide and bless us, that we may

A willing service pay Thee.
Of us all,
Great and small,
Make a pious congregation,
Pure in life and conversation.

Let Thy good Spirit by the word
Work mightily in us, O Lord,
Our souls and bodies filling ;
O let the Sun of grace shine bright,
That there may be abundant light
In us and in our dwelling.
On our way,
Night and day,
With the heavenly manna feed us,
To the heavenly Canaan lead us.

Send peace and blessing from above,
Unite us all in faith and love
Who in this house are living ;

Let charity our hearts prepare
To suffer long and all things bear,
 Meek, gentle, and forgiving ;
Nor in aught
Christ hath taught
Let us fail to one another,
But each love and help his brother.

Lord, let our house be built upon
Thy faithfulness and grace alone ;
 And, when the day is closing
And night her gloomy shadow flings,
Let us lie down beneath Thy wings
 With childlike trust reposing ;
E'en with smart
In the heart,
Cheerful, happy, and confiding,
Patiently in Thee abiding.

If Thou shouldst bless our home with wealth,
Let not the world creep in by stealth,
 And take away the blessing ;
For if our hearts should empty be
Of meekness and humility,
Although all else possessing,
We should miss
That true bliss,
Which not all the world's vast treasure
Can supply in smallest measure.

But this, O Lord, we pray for most,
That in our house the Holy Ghost

May ever be presiding ;
He can preserve our souls from sin,
Keep order and sound discipline,
His Spirit all things guiding.
O may we
Ever be
By the Spirit thus attended
Till our pilgrimage is ended !



THE HAPPY LOT.



OUR lot is fall'n in pleasant places,
A goodly heritage is ours ;
To Him, whence come all gifts and
graces,
Let us give praise with all our
powers ;
He chooses us of His free grace,
And makes us His peculiar race.

He undertook our souls' salvation,
Our sad condition moved Him so,
And came to us, from pure compassion,
To raise us from our depths of woe ;
O wonderful surpassing love,
Which brought Him to us from above !

He saw in us no real beauty,
No virtue, nor intrinsic worth ;
Not one there was that did his duty,
For all were sinners from their birth ;
Nor was there one, in such distress,
Who could our misery redress.

Then, moved at heart with deep compassion,
The Lord stretched out His arm to save,

And His own life for our salvation,
And therewith all things, freely gave,
Adoption, sonship, and with this
A whole eternity of bliss.

O Lord, of goodness so amazing
Not one is worthy, no, not one ;
We stand in shame and wonder gazing
At the great things which Thou hast done ;
Thy crowning grace and precious blood
Have reconciled us with our God.

We feel quite certain of obtaining
Nothing but goodness from Thy hand,
And wend our way without complaining
Through dreary mist and barren land,
With heaven in view, where we shall be
Joined thro' eternity to Thee.

The lines are fall'n in pleasant places,
A goodly heritage is ours,
And gladly would we share the graces
Which God's great goodness richly showers ;
We offer them alike to all
Who will obey the gracious call.

It grieves us fore when men refuse them,
And treat our offers with disdain,
Or by neglect for ever lose them,
And make the grace of God in vain.
All ye who thirst, come here and buy,
And Christ will all your wants supply.

ABIDE IN JESUS.

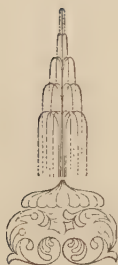


ABIDE, abide in Jesus,
Who for us bare griefs untold,
And Himself, from pain to ease us,
Suffered pangs a thousandfold ;
Bide with Him, who still abideth
When all else shall pass away,
And as Judge supreme presideth
In that dread and awful day.

All is dying : hearts are breaking,
Which to ours were once fast bound,
And the lips have ceased from speaking,
Which once uttered such sweet sound,
And the arms are powerless lying,
Which were our support and stay,
And the eyes are dim and dying,
Which once watched us night and day.

Everything we love and cherish
Hastens onward to the grave,
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
And whate'er the world e'er gave ;
All is fading, all is fleeing,
Earthly flames must cease to glow,
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.

Yet unchanged, while all decayeth,
Jefus ftands upon the duft ;
“ Lean on Me alone,” He fayeth,
“ Hope and love and firmly truft ! ”
O abide, abide with Jefus,
Who Himfelf for ever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
Yea, who life eternal gives.



THE CHRISTIAN'S CROSS.



HE badge the Christian wears on earth,
Is his dear Saviour's cross,
And he who understands its worth,
Regards all else as dross.

—
He wears it humbly, not for show,
But as a cure for sin ;
Not shining on his breast, ah no !
He wears his cross within.

And tho' it tries and grieves him too,
He is no less content ;
He knows both what 'tis meant to do,
And by whom it is sent.

He wears it for a brief space here,
But as a pledge in hand
Of the bright crown, which he shall wear
In his dear Fatherland.



BE READY, FOR THE DAYS ARE EVIL.



LET me suffer wrong without com-
plaining,
While myself from doing wrong
abstaining,
Through Thy grace and strength,
O Lord, I pray ;

Let me never smite the hand that smites me,
But do good to him who ill requites me :
Thus prepare me for the evil day.

Into Thine own image, Lord, transform me,
To Thy gentle Spirit so conform me,
That this lesson never may be lost :
Not the poor oppressed, but the oppressor,
Not the injured, but the proud transgressor,
Is the man who needs our pity most.

Though by cruel treatment oft incited,
Thou hast never ill with ill requited,
Nor reviled hast Thou reviled again ;
Yet it must have grieved Thy holy nature,
More, far more than me a sinful creature,
To behold the wickedness of men.

Thou hadst power not only to create us,
But to punish and annihilate us ;
Yet so great, so wonderful Thy love,
That to save us from the doom impending,
Thou didst give Thyself to death, descending
To our depth from Thy great height above.

My true Peace and Saviour, be Thou near me,
That in suffering I may not grow weary,
Be Thou near me to direct my way ;
Strengthen Thou my soul when foes assail her ;
That Thy patient Spirit may not fail her :
Thus prepare me for the evil day ;

That herself in patience still possessing
She may find e'en woes to be a blessing,
Nor account them strange when they arise.
Point her to the happy realms above her,
Where departed faints, who dearly love her,
Wait to greet her in the opening skies.



LONGING.



THAT my soul might never lack
The guidance of Thy gentle hand,
But follow in the easy track
Of Thy sweet will and wise com-
mand !

That I might find the Lord's employ
Not a hard service but a joy !

O that each word of Thine I thought
Deserving of my high esteem,
And all opposed to it as naught
But falsehood and an idle dream !
That my sole aim in all might be,
To do, dear Lord, what pleases Thee !

O that I made Thy word a light,
My standard and my last appeal,
To shew me what is wrong or right,
What hurtful, what for my true weal,
Not ever doubtful what I would
When I know plainly what I should !

O that to every word I paid
A due observance and regard,
Nor sought Thy precepts to evade
When clear, because they seem too hard,

And that, albeit weak and faint,
I followed them without complaint !

Then life were one consistent whole,
Not a mixed web of ill and good,
The full surrender of the soul,
A victory over flesh and blood ;
Then should I find, made glad and free,
Thy service perfect liberty.

O make Thy precepts sweet to me
By Thy good Spirit's gentle sway,
And let my feet be led by Thee
In Thine own true and perfect way.
Thy precepts are my life's true bliss,
At once its rule and happiness.

With all Thy law's exact demands
O make me by Thy grace content,
That I may do what it commands,
Not from the fear of punishment,
No, but because my heart relies
Upon Thy grace and sacrifice.



MY SOUL THIRSTETH AFTER THE
LIVING GOD.

ASK not, what it is that ails me,
Probe not deep my inward smart ;
God it is Himself that fails me,
Thirst for God consumes my heart ;
For, alas ! if He be wanting,
Boundless wealth would leave me poor,
Houseless, friendless, thirsty, fainting,
Wandering from door to door.

Riches, honour, pomp, and learning,
Beauty, pleasure, science, art,
Cannot satisfy my yearning,
Cannot fill my aching heart ;
Patience under tribulation,
Strength to suffer, love, and live,
Joy in death and consolation,
God Himself alone can give.

Idols of the heathen nations,
Works of art and human skill,
Cannot quench my aspirations,
Nor my earnest longings still ;
Subtle thoughts and speculations
Of past ages and our own
Cannot reach my expectations,
Which cry out for God alone.

When shall I appear before Thee,
When behold Thy glorious face,
And with joyful lips adore Thee,
In Thy full unclouded grace ?
When shall love succeed to coldness,
Confidence to doubt and fear,
When shall I with childlike boldness
To the throne of grace draw near ?

When will God be my sole treasure,
When will He abide with me ?
When will His great will the measure
Of my will and actions be ?
When will no thought ever enter
Into heart and mind but this,
In the Lord alone to centre
Every hope of happiness ?

No ! the flame, which He hath lighted,
Will not prove a flickering ray,
He who hath this thirst excited
Will its longing quench one day ;
When I quit this vale of sadness,
And to brighter regions soar,
I shall drink with joy and gladness
Living waters evermore.



ENCOURAGEMENT.



LONG and toilsome is the road,
 Difficult the track,
 And beneath its heavy load
 Often bows our back,
 Yet our hearts feel no dismay;
 Though our strength be small,
 On His strength we well may stay,
 Who is Lord of all.

Jesus never will forget us ;
 On His word we stay,
 That He will not leave, nor let us
 Perish on the way.
 Often when our strength appears
 To forsake us quite,
 Comfort whispers in our ears :
 " He will set all right."

He who brought the crystal wave
 From its rocky bed,
 And the prophet in the cave
 By the ravens fed ;
 He who with a little bread
 Thousands satisfied,
 Can He not for those who need
 Even now provide ?

He who in His hands doth bear
This terrestrial ball,
And without whom not a hair
From our head doth fall;
Who the great thinks not too great,
Nor the small too small,
Can He see our sad estate,
Heedless of our call?

He who opened heaven to man,
And hath plainly shewed
By what way we may and can
Reach that blest abode;
He who to prepare a place
Hath such pains bestowed,
Can He let His chosen race
Perish on the road?

No! He neither can nor will;
God is very good,
And the promise will fulfil
Sealed by His own blood.
Courage then! tho' hard your lot,
God can never lie,
Lift your heads on high, fear not,
Your redemption's nigh.



THE PLANT OF GOD'S PLANTING.



XCITE in me, O Lord, an ardent
thirst

After Thy kingdom and its
righteousness,

And smite my stony heart, that tears
may burst

Of true repentance and of deep distress.

Alas! the garden of my heart is cumbered
With hidden tares and noxious weeds unnumbered;
O cleanse Thou me, that I may all my days
Bring forth good fruit to Thy eternal praise!

I know that from Thy fostering care proceed,
Thou heavenly Gardener, Sower of the earth,
The sprouting, growth, and ripening of the seed,
Through all its stages from its earliest birth.
There's not a flower so mean, nor blade that
groweth,

Whereon Thy love no tender care bestoweth;
How sweet to think, Lord, that on Thee depend
Germ, blossom, fruit, until my life shall end!

Thy hand first drew me from the earth's green lap,
With light revived me, and with soft dew fed,
And when a storm befell me, the mishap
Turned to my good, and raised my drooping head.

From day to day Thy goodness more amazes,
And fills my heart with gratitude and praises ;
And thus I welcome, purging me from sin,
Thy needful pruning and wise discipline.



A TIME OF DEARTH.



OUR life is often dark,
Our soul of joy bereft,
It seems as though no spark
Of faith or love were left ;
The hope, which once was ours,
Has fled we know not why,
And yet these very hours
Are blessings from on high.

When God awhile His face
Thus hides from us, we learn
To prize the more His grace,
And long for its return ;
The soul with all her might,
Like Jacob, strives and pleads,
And wrestles day and night
Till she at last succeeds.

Ah ! then we feel full well
How sad our life would prove,
More sad than words can tell,
Without the Saviour's love ;
'Tis that which renders sweet
The cup of bitterness,
And soothes the grief we meet
In this world's wilderness.

These are the soul's true fast,
When all is dark within,
And we can only taste
The bitterness of sin ;
Yet all is kindly meant,
And by this very fast,
More truly we repent,
And feast with joy at last.

The Lord knows when to bless,
As well as to correct,
And oft relieves distress,
When we the least expect ;
Yea ! often doth He make
The cloud we so much dread
In showers refreshing break
Upon our weary head.

In times like these we should
Be driven to despair,
And in desponding mood
Give up all hope and prayer,
Did God before our eyes
Not set forth His dear Son,
His death and sacrifice,
And all that He has done.

Then learn to comprehend
The dealings of thy God,
To mark their gracious end,
And meekly kiss the rod ;

With patience wait awhile
The issue of thy woes,
Soon shall the desert smile,
And blossom like the rose.



FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.



FATHER, whose hand hath led me so
securely,
Father, whose ear hath listened to
my prayer,
Father, whose eye hath watched o'er
me so surely,

Whose heart hath loved me with a love so rare ;
Vouchsafe, O heavenly Father, to instruct me
In the straight way wherein I ought to go,
To life eternal and to heaven conduct me,
Through health and sickness, and through weal
and woe.

O my Redeemer, who hast my redemption
Purchased and paid for by Thy precious blood,
Thereby procuring an entire exemption
From the dread wrath and punishment of God,
Thou who hast saved my soul from condemnation,
Redeem it also from the power of sin,
Be Thou the Captain still of my salvation,
Through whom alone I can the victory win.

O Holy Ghost, who from the Father flowest
And from the Son, O teach me how to pray ;
Thou, who the love and peace of God bestowest,
With faith and hope inspire and cheer my way ;

Direct, control, and sanctify each motion
Within my soul, and make it thus to be
Prayerful, and still, and full of deep devotion,
A holy temple worthy, Lord, of Thee.



COMFORT.



HOW many hours of gladness
Hath the Lord on us bestowed,
And how oft in times of sadness
Eased our bosom of its load !

O how oft hath He relieved us
By the noon-day heat oppress'd,
And how oft, when aught hath grieved us,
Have we found with Him sweet rest !

Short the space, and He will take us
To Himself—O wondrous love !
And of His great glory make us
Sharers in the realms above.

Then shall we appear before Him
Not as now in pilgrim-dress,
But to worship and adore Him
Clothed in robes of righteousness.

Should not that, my heart, compose thee
Under every kind of ill ?
Should it not at once dispose thee
Both to do and bear His will ?

All has furthered thy salvation,
Since thou madest Christ thy friend ;
Wait with peaceful expectation,
Patiently await the end.

Even things which most distress thee,
That which most thy patience tries,
Are intended all to bless thee,
Are but mercies in disguise.

If He lets thee sometimes stumble
On the steep and rugged way,
'Tis to make thee meek and humble,
And on Him more fully stay.

Onward press with look directed
To thy home beyond the skies,
Till the glory long expected
Burst on thee in Paradise.

Let not threats or hardships move thee,
Soon thy warfare will be done ;
Hark ! the blue expanse above thee
Seems to whisper " hasten on."



PILGRIM'S SONG.



UNCOMPLAINING, though with
care grown hoary,
I desire to wear no crown of glory,
Where my Saviour wore a crown
of thorn ;

Not in paths of roses would I dally,
Where my Saviour trod the gloomy valley,
Where He suffered bitter pain and scorn.

Lord, send forth Thy light and truth to lead me
In the way, wherein Thy faints precede me,
With the Holy Spirit for my guide ;
Let me choose the path of self-denial,
Shunning no sharp cross or bitter trial
Which my Saviour's steps have sanctified.

Give me, Thou, who art the soul's Renewer,
Steadfast faith, which day by day grows truer ;
Kindle love, the fruit of faith, in me,
Love, which puts the soul in active motion,
Love, which fills the heart with true devotion,
And which leads me thro' the world to Thee.

Many a painful step must be ascended,
Ere my weary pilgrimage is ended,
And in heaven I see Thee face to face ;
O then reach Thy hand, dear Lord, to raise me,
For, alas ! the giddy height dismays me ;
Guide, uphold me with Thine arm of grace.

On the wide world's ocean rudely driven,
Let me gaze upon Thine own blue heaven,
The sweet haven where I long to be ;
Give me now the comfort of possessing
What I value as the highest blessing,
Perfect peace through steadfast faith in Thee.

Here I am a sojourner and stranger,
Worn with hardship and exposed to danger,
Like a pilgrim with my staff in hand ;
With the cross upon my breast I wander
To the promised Canaan which lies yonder,
My beloved and longed-for Fatherland.



PARTING.



HOW mean ye thus by weeping
To break my very heart ?
We both are in Christ's keeping,
And cannot therefore part ;
Nor time, nor place, can sever
The bonds which us have bound ;
In Christ abide for ever
Who once in Him are found.

As though to part for ever
We press each other's hands,
And yet no power can sever
Our love's eternal bands ;
We look quite broken-hearted,
And sob our last farewell,
And yet cannot be parted,
For both in Jesus dwell.

We say " I here, you yonder,"
" You go, and I remain,"
And yet are not asunder,
But links of one great chain ;
In tones of deep affection
" Our road parts here " we say,
Yet go in one direction,
And in the self-same way.

Then let us cease from weeping,
 And moderate our woe,
 We both are in Christ's keeping,
 With whom we always go ;
 Both under His protection,
 Both led by His dear hand,
 Both in the same direction,
 To the same Fatherland.

In fruitless lamentation
 Let us not waste the hours,
 But find our consolation
 In knowing Christ is ours ;
 If faith in Him unite us,
 Though parting gives us pain,
 It cannot disunite us,
 For both in Him remain.



HOME-SICKNESS.



H! how empty is the heart
In the midst of pleasure,
And how fain would we depart
To our heavenly treasure.

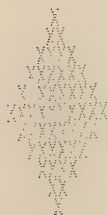
Threadbare now our garb with age
Still repair is needing,
And our feet with pilgrimage
Painful are and bleeding.

Gladly would we be at home,
Free from toil and dangers,
And no longer houseless roam
In a land of strangers ;

Gladly lay aside the load
Which our flesh inherits,
Worshipping and serving God
With the ransomed spirits.

But since Thou dost yet delay
To Thyself to take us,
Lord, prepare us while we stay,
Meet for heaven make us.

Richly shall we then be blest,
When, our warfare ending,
We enjoy the promised rest
With our Lord ascending.



THE SONG OF DYING.



SING of death and dying,
A solemn farewell lay,
Which bids thee to be ready
If death should come this day ;
Before the sun declineth
Thy course may ended be,
And when again it shineth,
It may not shine on thee.

What is there more uncertain
Than life, a fleeting breath,
Or what more sure or certain
Than dying, parting, death ?
Our death is drawing nearer
At every step we take,
Our heart's delights are dying,
And with them our hearts break.

With staff in hand we journey
Like pilgrims to the grave,
The monarch's golden sceptre
Is but a pilgrim's staff.
The earth on all bestoweth
A garment at our birth,
Upon the earth we wear it,
And leave it to the earth.

Pass rugged heights and valleys,
Climb mountains, if ye will,
Yet can ye not get over
Yon little grave's green hill;
Thou canst not get beyond it,
Though it be e'er so small,
For other hands within it
Will lay both thee and all.

Then sing of death and dying,
That ancient pilgrim lay,
Because thy feet draw nearer
Thy grave from day to day;
Let it be wafted o'er thee,
Like distant vesper bell,
And not alone of dying,
But of thy rising tell.



CHRIST HAS TAKEN AWAY THE
POWER OF DEATH.



WHEN comes the hour which seals my
doom,

My heart has ceased from beating,
And laid within the silent tomb

I wait the final meeting ;
How dreadful then would be my fate,
Had Christ not opened heaven's gate
To every true believer.

How quickly flee our joys away,
When cruel Death appeareth,
And leave poor feeble man a prey
To that which most he feareth !
Delusive pleasures quickly flee
Before the stern reality
Of death, the grave, and judgment.

Guilt now appears without disguise,
And fills us with confusion,
While falls the bandage from our eyes
Of pride and self-delusion ;
Our steadfast gaze now turned within,
We see our misery and sin
In all their hateful colours.

Wert Thou not, Lord, in that dread hour
My joy and consolation ;
Didst Thou not bring to me with power
The tidings of salvation,
That death has lost his power and sting
For those who to Thy cross do cling,
My heart would sink within me.

But now, since Thou art mine, I Thine,
I may have peace in dying,
Thy holy merit is made mine,
From all things justifying ;
Thou hast atonement wrought for me,
And thereby made my death to be
A rest and peaceful slumber.

Therefore, my Saviour and my God,
Be Thou in death beside me,
Nor let the comfort of Thy rod
Be in that hour denied me ;
That thus the hour I yield my breath
Be not a sickness unto death,
But unto life eternal.



THE GRAVE.



ESIDE the dark grave standing,
We sow in silent tears
The seed of incorruption,
The pilgrim full of years.

His home is reached already,
We still are on the road,
Death was the gate of heaven,
It took him to his God.

He sees what we but look for,
He hath what we still lack,
The foe no more can spoil him,
Who still besets our track.

His disembodied spirit
Is with the Lord at rest,
And while we still are weeping,
He is supremely blest.

He wears a crown of glory,
And lifts the palm on high,
And swells with faints and angels
The chorus of the sky.

We still, poor weary pilgrims,
In this dark valley roam,
Until again we see Him
And share His happy home.



WHAT SHALL WE BE.



HAT shall we be, and whither shall
we go,

When the last conflict of our life is
o'er,

And we return from wandering to
and fro

To our dear home through heaven's eternal door!
When we shake off the last dust from our feet,

When we wipe off the last drop from our brow,
And our departed friends once more shall greet,
The hope which cheers and comforts us below !

What shall we be, when we ourselves shall see

Bathed in the flood of everlasting light,
And from all guilt and sin entirely free

Stand pure and blameless in our Maker's sight ;
No longer from His holy presence driven,

Conscious of guilt, and stung with inward pain,
But friends of God and citizens of heaven,
To join the ranks of His celestial train !

What shall we be, when we drink in the sound

Of heavenly music from the spheres above,
When golden harps to listening hosts around
Declare the wonders of redeeming love ;

When far and wide through the resounding air
Loud Hallelujahs from the ransomed rise,
And holy incense, sweet with praise and prayer,
Is wafted to the Highest through the skies !

What shall we be, when the freed soul can rise
With unrestrained and bold aspiring flight
To Him, who by His wondrous sacrifice
Hath opened heaven, and scattered sin's dark night ;
When from the eye of faith the thin veil drops,
Like wreaths of mist before the morning's rays,
And we behold, the end of all our hopes,
The Son of God in full refulgent blaze !

What shall we be, when we shall hear Him say,
" Come, O ye blessed," when we see Him stand,
Robed in the light of everlasting day,
Before the throne of God at His right hand ;
When we behold the eyes from which once flowed
Tears o'er the sin and misery of man,
And the deep wounds from which the precious blood,
That made atonement for the world, once ran !

What shall we be, when hand in hand we go
With blessed spirits risen from the tomb,
Where streams of living water softly flow,
And trees still flourish in primeval bloom ;
Where in perpetual youth no cheek looks old
By the sharp tooth of cruel time imprest,
Where no bright eye is dimm'd, no heart grows cold,
No grief, no pain, no death invades the blest !

What shall we be, when every glance we cast
At the dark valley underneath our feet,
And every retrospect of troubles past
Makes heaven brighter and its joys more sweet;
When the remembrance of our former woe
Gives a new relish to our present peace,
And draws our heart to Him, to whom we owe
Our past deliverance and our present bliss!

What shall we be, who have in Christ believed!
What through His grace will be our sweet reward!
Eye hath not seen, ear heard, or heart conceived,
What God for those who love Him hath prepared.

Let us the steep ascent then boldly climb,
Our toil and labour will be well repaid;
Let us haste onward, till in God's good time
We reap the fruit, a crown that doth not fade.



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